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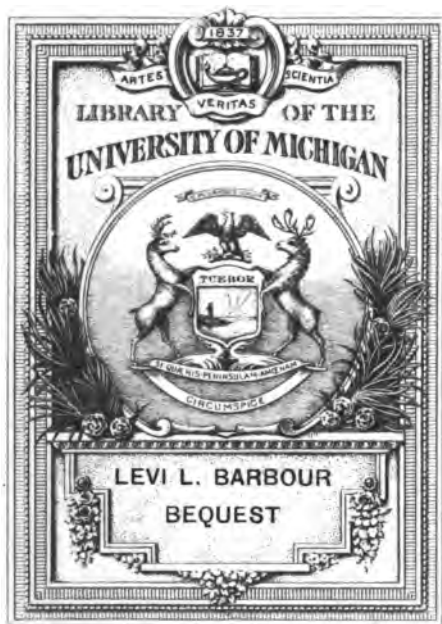
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BLUE AND GOLD



BLUE AND GOLD

BY

WILLIAM S. LORD

AUTHOR OF "JINGLE AND JANGLE," "BEST SHORT
POEMS," ETC.



CHICAGO NEW YORK TORONTO
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

1900

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Luni. L. Barlow
Request
1-3-30

BLUE AND GOLD.

LITTLE Two Years Old, my son,
Life for you has just begun;
Dew is fresh upon the grass
All along the way you pass;
Every blade your dear feet press
Gives a gentle, cool caress.
Violets and buttercups
Chronicle your downs and ups.
Blue and gold, and gold and blue,
Seemeth all the world to you.

Little Two Years Old, too soon
You will know the heat of noon.
Dust along your path will lie,
And the grass be sere and dry.
Every blade will give a thrust,
Cry and urge, 'You must! You must!'
Rose of flame with cruel thorn
Best will tell the sweet pain borne.
Red and brown, and brown and red,
Seems the world the sun o'erhead.

01-6-30 LWB

*Little Two Years Old, the light
Softens when you say 'good-night.'
Sweet the journey will be when
You are almost home again.
Every footstep brings you near
Faces, voices, long held dear.
Gentian blue and golden-rod
Lead you onward up to God.
Blue and gold, and gold and blue
So the world will be to you.*

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BLUE AND GOLD.

THE SONNET.

THE room encircling Milton's mighty woe
Will ne'er give echo to my feeble cry ;
The Grasmere Cottage, with the brook near by,
Where Wordsworth chanted, I shall never know ;
The home where Shakespeare lived so long ago
May prison glories caught from his bright eye
More gorgeous than the glow of sunset sky —
For me in vain such matchless wonders show.

But mark ! there is a little splendid space
Shut in by walls the same to-day as when
It knew the presence of these marvellous men,
And I may pause in that enchanted place :
What trumpet tones, what whisperings of delight,
The Sonnet holds to gladden day and night !

Blue and Gold.

'TOWARD A FAR LAND.'

TOWARD a far land, whose dream-discovered
shore

Our hearts do hope for, we are sailing on ;
The way is dark, and mutinous thoughts, anon,
Protest against the voyage, and implore
The master, Faith, to search the sea no more
For unknown lands. We soon are set upon
By winds and waves of doubt, that make us con
The awful vastness of what lies before.

But oh, my brothers! bear abounding trust,
And fearless Faith will doubting crew dismay :
So was Columbus tried by thoughts unjust —
Who found a world, while seeking for a way
That would be shorter, from Spain's heat and dust,
To the fair gardens of far-famed Cathay!

Blue and Gold.

EVERNESS.

WHAT of the land, and what of the sea,
And what of the sky bending over?
What is the message they 're bringing to thee
In language of cloud, wave, and clover?

The cloud melts and scatters, and lost in the sea
Is the wave in its mighty endeavor;
The sweets of the clover belong to the bee,
But sea, land, and sky are forever.

Blue and Gold.

THE BALLADE OF BRAVE MEN.

A SONG for the men so true,
The sailors of sunken ships,
The sport of the winds that blew,
Devoured by the waves' white lips.
There, where the seagull dips,
There, 'neath the sky so blue,
There, where the schoolboy strips —
Brave men, there is rest for you.

A song for the shipwrecked crew,
The men of the docks and slips,
Propelled by a sail or screw
You made many perilous trips;
With the canvas torn to strips,
Before the gale you flew;
No more the wild wind whips —
Brave men, there is rest for you.

A song for the men too few —
For nature so few equips —

Blue and Gold.

Who drink that awful brew
That only a brave man sips.
The stanchest of ships are chips :
No power can the sea subdue.
No longer the cold spray drips —
Brave men, there is rest for you.

ENVOY.

Dear friend, every true soul tips
To bravery when in view ;
Where never a chill wind nips,
Brave men, there is rest for you.

THE INVITATION.

WHEN April sets her seal upon
The year, and 'twixt the showers
The truant sun returns at last
To bless the budding flowers;

When skies are dappled, softest blue
With flecks of softest gray,
And those who love the greening wood
May tread the woodland way;

When earth seems new, fresh from the hand
Of God, and strangely bright;
And winds no longer pinch or chill,
But stir us with delight;

When mating birds begin their lay,
And make the season's plans;
When all are wingèd architects
Instead of artisans;

Blue and Gold.

Then let us stray together where,
Shut out from worldly din,
We may surprise the secrets hid
The mother's heart within.

Dear Nature woos us to her breast,
Would have us babes again,
And I, for one, am ready, friend—
'Tis milk to nourish men.

Blue and Gold.

A LYRIC.

A LYRIC, miss,
Is the muse's kiss.

Brief and sweet,
Yet complete
As a smile on a face,
Or a bit of lace,
Or a turn of wit;

It,
Ywis,
Is neat
As a Grecian vase.

A single star
On a silver bar ;
Or a drop of dew
With a sunbeam through ;
The flash of a stream
Where gold sands beam,
Put in a song,
Long,
And far,
For you
In a lyric gleam.

Blue and Gold.

WATER LILIES.

UPON the surface of the river lie
White water lilies; left to drift they seem,
Yet changing winds and currents they defy.

So may my faith, deep-rooted, rest secure
Upon the surface of life's running stream,
And every change of circumstance endure.

THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

HERE in the midst of a city street,
Worn by the tread of a million feet,
Day by day I sing my song,
Never heard by the hurrying throng.
Man and beast, as they stop to drink,
Have no time on my song to think.
Still I sing as a minstrel may:
One may harken and hear some day.

High on a mountain once I dwelt;
Heaven's winds were all I felt;
Mirrored in my bosom bright
Day by day the 'king of light,'
Night by night the 'starry hosts'—
All the grandeur heaven boasts,—
Storm and cloud and mountain peak,
Nothing idle, aimless, weak;
Calm and cool and clear I stood
Thinking all was grand and good.

Blue and Gold.

Once a stranger passing by
Told of how his fellows die:
How for want of my cool wave
Men were dying, good and brave;
Little children; beast and bird:
And I treasured every word;
Pondered them for many a day;
Longed at last to break away
From my fastness, lone and high,
Bearing life to those who die.
Down the mountain-side I slid;
In the forest depths I hid;
Rippled over stones and sands;
Touched the edge of pleasant lands,
Murmuring as I slipped along
Ever some soul-cheering song;
Giving life and quenching thirst,
Till my heart seemed like to burst
With the joys at my dispense
Like another Providence.
And at last I reached the town,
Where the sun's rays beating down
Parched and shriveled everything—
Leaf and pauper, beast and king.

Blue and Gold.

**Here at morn and eve I play,
Taking pain of thirst away;
Giving free as I used to take;
Joy is mine in the joy I make;
Happier far am I than when
Strange were the faces of beasts and men.**

Blue and Gold.

A WINTER SONG.

HERE in the north the snow lies deep ;
The winds are keen with an edge that bites ;
The days are short and long the nights ;
And all that is gentle is dead or asleep.

Afar in the south the sunshine falls ;
The winds blow soft with a lover-like kiss ;
And all of the summer I fondly miss
Is awake and out of the distance calls.

Blue and Gold.

ACROSS THE SEA.

ACROSS the sea your verses came
From that dear land where Shakespeare's flame
Was kindled into such a glow
All other bards like fireflies show —
Mere sparks, but sparks of light the same.

Do poets there still hope for fame?
Where Burns and Keats — oh, I can name
So many whose sweet songs still blow
Across the sea!

Yes, still they hope; and who shall blame
Their courage, or their song defame,
When such clear notes from your pipe flow?
The muse loves English soil, I know
And would, if only your song came
Across the sea.

Blue and Gold.

TO A DREAMER.

AFTER many an idle day,
Dreamer, hasten you away.
Build a house to baffle woe:
Winds of winter when they blow
Like a lash will strike and sting;
Bees are ever busying;
While you indolently dream
Hear the constant running stream.
Yonder, in the marsh, a pool,
Like the dead eye of a ghoul,
Glitters and profanes the sky
To the noisome things that lie
In its depths of pestilence.

Go; and as you journey hence
May your fondest dreams come true.
All the Ages counsel you.

Blue and Gold.

TREACHERY.

[The two-year-old son of Capt. Lawrence O. Lawson, of the United States Life Saving Station at Evanston, Ill., was drowned within sight of his home while playing on the lake shore.]

Storm.

THE seething surf, the angry sea he braves
To rescue in his life-boat men of brawn,
Who else would perish. Set of sun, or dawn,
Finds him prepared to battle warring waves.

Calm.

O treacherous sea, to fling a flag of truce,
And take a noble foeman unawares !
To seize his child, the sum of hopes and prayers,
When all was calm — to watch thee little use.

Blue and Gold.

THE MARCH WIND.

O MARCH wind,
What is it grieves thee to despair?
Have you sinned
That furies seek thee everywhere?

Not so; I have lost my little ones dear;
I covered them softly with robe of white
And left them alone of a winter night.
The moon I left burning and little stars bright—
Oh, kind souls hear!

I left them alone, without a fear,
Tucked snugly into their soft warm bed,
Then off on an errand of joy I sped,
And now they are gone and I wish I were dead—
Oh, kind souls hear!

I am seeking them everywhere, far and near,
And my sighing and crying and shrieking must

Blue and Gold.

At last make them hear as I come with a gust
And wearing a veil of blinding dust —
Oh, kind souls hear !

The March wind thus her story told ;
A mortal may the rest unfold.

Her sad soul, weary of searching vain,
At last grew still. Then fell a rain
Of tears, and tears — sweet April showers :
And then she smiled and found May flowers —
Her little ones dear, — awake again.

SORROW IN SUMMER.

THE glad green hills uprise to sadden me ;
The happy sunlit vales I see through tears ;
The laughter-loving brooks offend my ears
With mirthful music ; every gleeful tree
That claps its myriad hands in jollity
The spectre of some dear, dead joy appears ;
The dancing sunbeams mock unnumbered fears ,
Though soft the winds, they blow full bitterly.

The mask of gladness Nature gaily wears
No more deceives the eyes made clear by grief ;
I know the chill her secret bosom bears,
Nor Summer's warmth, nor Beauty, brings relief :
As cold and white and pure as drifted snow
My love's asleep the smiling sod below.

LOVE A PRISONER.

ONE day Love came. I welcomed him.
As tenant of this house of clay
I bade him stay.
I set him in a room apart—
The inmost chamber of my heart.
For servants, at his beck and call,
My senses all,
While hands and feet
His will obey with joy complete.
Out of the windows he can gaze
On pleasant days,
But when it rains the panes are dim—
It's smiles or tears because of him
That fill my eyes;
Yet, always, he's a sweet surprise!
My prisoner now, I'll keep him so,
This one-time guest;
Should he escape me, high and low
I'd go in quest.
That darkened chamber, my poor heart,
Would be a tomb should he depart.

Blue and Gold.

UNSAID.

SWEET is the honey the bee hath stored,
Hived for a winter day;
But sweeter than all of the precious hoard
The drops that were spilled in May.

Fair the rose in the garden grows,
Queen of the lovely band;
But fairer the flower that never knows
The touch of the gardener's hand.

Words of love are honey sweet,
Each word is a flower full fair;
But fairer and sweeter, than speech complete,
The thoughts that love doth dare.

Blue and Gold.

LOVE IS DEAD.

MOAN, ye wind, moan, oh, moan,
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea),
Toss ye the trees till they groan,
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea).
Love is dead,
Tears are shed,
Hope has fled;
Dole ye a dirge with me.

carried
Where have they buried him, wind?
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea),
Search through the world till ye find,
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea).
Now quick and now slow,
Above and below,
Away let us go!
Where he is buried lay me.

Blue and Gold.

Gone is the sweet o' th' rose,
 (Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea),
Where it is he only knows,
 (Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea).
 The skies are not blue,
 Nor sparkles the dew,
 All hearts are untrue —
Naught but the salt o' th' sea!

THE MUSICIAN.

WHEN some great master lets his soul go free
On wings of music, which beat silent air
Until a rose tint blushes everywhere,
And heaven is bursting with the melody ;
Or when a Patti, or a Gerster, sings,
And ears are lips which drink the liquid sound
Until the soul in music's spell is bound,
And life forgot, with all the care it brings ;
Then have I thought no greater art could be ;
Though I should live for ages, and should hear
The best that ever came to mortal ear,
No sounds more sweet would ever visit me.
And yet, dear heart, thy hand, love-taught, just now
Woke sweeter music laid upon my brow.

Blue and Gold.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

WITH lips and hands Love answereth—
 'Tis 'aye' and 'aye' and never 'nay.'
How will it be some other day?
 What will Love's answer be to Death?
The same quick answer to the end,
 For Love can see where we are blind
And knows that Death is only kind—
 To immortality a friend.

Blue and Gold.

CONSTANCY.

IF Age should set his finger on her brow
And write November on her May-day face;
Should rob her form of all its lovely grace,
And turn to silver locks so raven now;
Should dim her lustrous eyes and disallow
Her ears all hearing; should destroy, efface,
All things that in her memory have place,
And so with life alone her frame endow,—
I still would love her, still her servant be,
And strive to merit by my constancy
The place she gives me in her heart to-day.
To there abide in such a perfect way
A life of changeless love would leave to me
A debt to her which I could never pay.

Blue and Gold.

SONG.

NIGHT shadows o'er the earth are falling,
The birds their good-night carols calling,
The twinkling stars in heaven appearing
Have filled me with sweet thoughts endearing,
Dear love, of thee.

My heart, like night, o'er thee is brooding,
My thoughts in love songs are intruding,
Like stars my hopes in heaven are shining,
My heart, my thoughts, my hopes inclining,
Dear love, to thee.

The day will dawn, the stars will vanish;
Be not the sun my hopes to banish!
Be thou my day, my sweet to-morrow,
Bringing much joy and naught of sorrow,
Dear love, with thee.

WORDS FOR RUBINSTEIN'S MELODY.

‘I LOVE thee, I love thee,’ my heart ever cries;
‘I love thee, I love thee,’ thy true heart replies;
The days that divide us, oh, may they fly fast
And bring us together forever at last!
The days that are gone I will never forget,
And may not the future hold sweeter ones yet?

Oh, sorrow be gone!

After night cometh dawn,
And loving thee, loving thee, what can befall?
Thy love like God’s sunshine brighteneth all.

‘I love thee, I love thee,’ to-morrows untold;
‘I love thee, I love thee,’ will never grow old.
O heart of my heart! one brief moment with thee
And ages of sorrow forgotten would be;
What bliss will be mine when the sad days have past
And we are together forever at last!

Oh, sorrow be gone!

After night cometh dawn,
And loving thee, loving thee, what can befall?
Thy love like God’s sunshine brighteneth all.

Blue and Gold.

IN MAYTIME.

SWEETHEART, my sweetheart forever!

Sweetheart, I'm thinking of you;

Springtime will never come, never,

But love will awaken anew.

The buds and the blossoms of Maytime

Are but the sweet signs of the joy

That fill me with dreams in the daytime—

Dear visions I knew as a boy.

Sweetheart, the days that have gladdened

My heart with a rapture divine,

Sweeten the sorrows that saddened

Brief moments of your life and mine;

And now, with the sun shining brightly,

And every wind stirring a joy,

I bless the tears fallen so lightly—

They've freshened the love of your boy.

Blue and Gold.

RHYME-BLOOM.

HERE'S a blossom, lady mine,
Time can't change—'tis ever thine :
Heat of summer, frost of fall,
Cannot wither—seasons all
Keep its fragrance, color, pride,
Just for thee and none beside.
Take it, pray, and let it be
Emblem of my constancy.

When your heart is struck with grief
And the tears that bring relief
Fall upon this blossom, dear,
Fairer, fresher 'twill appear.
So my love would richer be
For a sorrow come to thee.
Try me, sweet, oh, test my heart!
Know how dear to me thou art!

When with joy your heart doth bound
And you scatter sunshine round,

Blue and Gold.

Light and warmth will then unfold
Sweeter sweets than ere were told.
Love like mine would only know
Full perfection loving so;
Happiness would be your share
Whether winds were foul or fair.

RECOMPENSE.

AS some great tree that deeper, day by day,
Takes root into the earth—some hardy oak
That firmer stands for every tempest stroke,
And grapples with huge rocks which bar its way,—
Doth push abroad, into the winds that sway,
New branches and new buds, which suns provoke
To leaves of living green, until they cloak
Its trunk in beauty, and new strength display ;

So does the human soul, when torn with grief,
Grown stronger for the trial and the pain,
Reach out for truths that know not time nor
change,
And hold them fast, until they bring relief,
While hope and gladness blossom out again
In beauty new and wonderful and strange.

Blue and Gold.

IN SIGHT.

LONG years, beloved, held us far apart ;
A waste of days, the goal beyond our sight,
We only knew by our firm faith in right,
That somehow, some day, bringing heart to heart,
Our ways would meet and nevermore would part,
And we would both be happy, bearing light
To make life's journey for each other bright,
And knowing balm to heal each burning smart.

But now, oh joy ! beloved, see the goal !
Behold the glory of that mountain peak !
Ah, sweet, your eyes are lit with happy tears,
A light is in them laying bare your soul.
A little while, dear love, and all we seek
Will then be ours, to crown the coming years.

Blue and Gold.

TRANSITION.

WITH happy hands I formed a frame around
A dear sweet face, and gazed into the eyes
Their utmost hidden depths of blue to sound,
In search of those sweet springs of paradise
Whereat the thirsting soul may satisfy
Itself in pools of light and love and life.
I thought I had discovered where do lie
Those secret fountains, still, unstirred by strife,—

When, suddenly, Death trailed her shadowy shroud :
My face grew grave and pale ; I loosed my hands,
And, looking in Love's face, where, like a cloud
Before the sun, stood Wonder, thought whose
bands
Would Death first loose, and prayed that hers first be
And she be spared the pain of mourning me.

Blue and Gold.

SEPTEMBER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

PERHAPS in all this cruel changeful world
There may be some who hate this blessed day
Because it brought them terror and dismay,
Or from some seat of fortune found them hurled ;
Or some, with joy's bright banner closely furled,
May keep the day in sadness, giving way
To grievous tears, that burn as deep to-day
As when from sorrow's source they first were whirled.

Oh, you that hate the day, and speak it ill,
Be sure it brought a gem beyond all price ;
And you who weep, un comforted, be still,—
An angel came this day from paradise:
Upon this day my dearest love was born,—
The rarest jewel day hath ever worn.

Blue and Gold.

A SUMMER MORNING.

A SKY of blue with white sails set
To stay the soft south wind ;
A carpet green, that treasures yet
The gems Night left behind.

A bird has lit on yonder bough :
She scolds her mate, who sings
Anew each tender sacred vow,
And tells the love he brings.

Upon a grassy knoll I lie,—
The green leaves swing in glee ;
Far down the east the gentle sky
Presses the waves toward me.

Blue and Gold.

VACATION.

HAPPY the days that Summer's lap doth hold,
The idle days, the days that pass like dreams,
Leaving no trace, or trace so faint it seems
No more enduring than the message told
By marks upon a beach by breakers rolled;
The past is lost, the future only gleams
Far-distant, silvern, like the moon's pale beams,
To check ambition with its temperate cold.

Only the present lives vacation-time,
The wheeling shade, the unconstant breeze, the
sun,
And time to weave some fancy into rhyme —
So swiftly days their silent courses run!
And when, at last, these dear delights depart,
Lo! strength has come to arm and brain and heart.

Blue and Gold.

LITTLE TRAVERSE BAY.

DEAREST to me of all these inland seas
Art thou, great Michigan. Thy bosom bears
Perpetual grandeur. Every hour prepares
New glories for the recompense of these
That follow close the footsteps of the breeze,
And loss is gain, for nothing past compares
With thy dear present—in such equal shares
Dost thou reveal thy countless treasures.

Before me now thy greens and purples show,
Dissolving bands that reach from shore to shore ;
Thy wide expanse is flecked as if with snow
That melts at once yet seems to come the more ;
The waves roll in and stretch their arms to reach
The restless sands upon the wind-blown beach.

Blue and Gold.

PROFESSOR DAVID SWING.

FRIEND of the world he was; no living thing
But knew his love; God's sunshine in his heart
Made it a place of heaven the counterpart
Where greatest souls their highest thoughts might
bring,

Or even the lowly cricket chirp and sing,
Assured of welcome; for he knew the art
Of nature, felt the greening grass-blade start,
And heralded the advent of the spring.

Now he is gone, the friend of art and song,
Who loved the earth, the air, the sea, the sky;
Whose faith in God and in his brother man
Will make his name to be remembered long.
Like men of old he spake. His light, held high,
Made white the pathway wheresoe'er he ran.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

AT this old desk some rugged urchin sat
To learn his letters and such words as 'cat';
His sun-browned feet were bare upon the floor,
Which knew no polish save such smoothing o'er
As twenty pairs of restless feet may give
While wisdom wriggles through each tousled sieve.
Perchance the master was some cultured man
Whose mind, though mighty, had not solved God's
plan

To raise him from this humble, tiresome trust
To one all conflict, glory, heat, and dust,—
Some future Garfield to attract the eye
By great achievements, and at last to die
Mourned by his country; or some struggling soul
Who through this gate must pass to reach his goal—
Who lived unconscious of the pent-up song
His lips would utter to be treasured long.

Through open windows hear the drowsy hum
Of insects, now that balmy June has come.

Blue and Gold.

Soft winds are stirring, and the fearless fly
Has just begun his pestering ways to try.
The lessons lag, and restless hands and feet
Find idle pastime on the floor and seat;
And now the master's face turns toward the wall;
His glance is followed by the eyes of all;
The clock, persistent, slow, but ever sure,
Will soon release the bonds they now endure,
And down the dusty lane and over field
Will lad and lass go loitering, till the yield
Of sunshine lessens and long shadows fall
And milking-time and supper homeward call.

And now 'tis winter, and the tingling air
Upon each window makes frost-tracings rare.
The wood-box bursts beneath the stored-up heat;
The round stove glows, and forty snow-wet feet
Are drying, and the little room is full
Of odors of burned leather and steamed wool.
Along the wall, after each one is wrung,
Are rows of leggings, mittens, tippets hung.
The promised pleasure of a 'spelling bee'
Will make to-day a day of jollity.

Blue and Gold.

SLEEP.

SLEEP is a mystic river no mortal eye hath seen,
With poppy flowers are nodding the banks it
flows between;
It finds its source in silence where stars together
sing,
And down to weary mortals the message hastes to
bring.

The boats upon its bosom, that float, an idle throng,
Are dreams that to the rainbow or to the moon
belong;
They're drifting toward the harbor outside the port
of day
Where morning light will scatter each vision barque
away.

Blue and Gold.

IN DREAMLAND.

HUSH-A-BY, baby, close thine eyes,
 Mother will sing sweet lullabies;
Softly the cradle will be rocked
Till pretty eyelids sleep as locked,
 And you are away in Dreamland,
 In Dreamland.

Hush-a-by, little one, daylight dies
While I am singing lullabies.
Where does it vanish, baby dear?
Into that land so far, so near,
 The land of sleep, called Dreamland,
 Called Dreamland.

Hush-a-by, babe. What dims mine eyes
While I am singing lullabies?
What if the darkness knew no day!
What if my darling stayed away
 To evermore dwell in Dreamland,
 In Dreamland!

SPANISH LULLABY.

(A. D. 1493.)

PRETTY, my Pedro, a bird of the sea
Long ago brought a sweet message to me
The waters are ever repeating:
'Sweetheart,' they're saying, 'a beautiful land
Westward is waiting a queen to command;
From thither your lover sends greeting!'

Pretty, my Pedro, your father unfurled
Sail with Columbus to find a new world
Afar where the sunset is glowing.
Then I was fearful the future to scan;
Now I am hopeful with you, little man,
And visions of promise are growing.

Pretty, my Pedro, your sails, too, are set:
Sleep, the Good Master, will guide you, my pet,
To realms of beautiful splendor.
Sure as your waking his coming will be,
Father to you, sweet, and husband to me,
And lover so true and so tender.

Blue and Gold.

SWINGING TO DREAMLAND.

SWING, baby, swing to Dreamland;
There, sweet, in slumber go;
My song will blend in seemland
With songs the angels know;
Thy hammock will be golden
And like the crescent moon,
And in its hollow holden
Thou wilt be sailing soon.

Go swinging, swaying, swinging,
High up among the stars;
At mother's wish upspringing
Shall sleep let down the bars;
Although thy hammock golden
Is like the crescent moon,
Thou wilt, in my arms holden,
Wake bright and laughing soon.

Blue and Gold.

MOTHER, MOON, AND STARS.

THE moon is bending o'er the sea,
As I, my babe, bend over thee;
She rocks it gently to and fro,
As I now rock you — so, and so;
The wind, her breath, sings softly, 'Dear
Sleep sweetly now, for I am near.'

The stars look down upon the lea,
As I, my babe, look down on thee;
The earth's at rest; they vigils keep,
As I watch o'er thy peaceful sleep,
And through the silence I can hear,
'Sleep sweetly now, for we are near.'

HEIGH-HO! MY LADDIE, O!

HEIGH-HO! my laddie, O!
 'Tis bedtime now for dearie;
By-lo! away we go
 To rest the limbs so weary.
At last my boy grows tired of play
That fills with joy the live-long day,
And welcomes night when shadows gray
 From the underworld come stealing.

Heigh-ho! my laddie, O!
 The stars a watch are keeping;
By-lo! they're shining so
 To guard my boy while sleeping.
And soon, relit, the world all new,
With skies to match your eyes of blue,
Another day will dawn for you,
 Every hour new joys revealing.

SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE you were reading some wonderful tome
That led you way back in the past,
Till with feasting and fighting in Athens or Rome
You'd forget in what age you were cast;
Suppose while thus 'busy' you heard a wee voice
And felt a small hand on your knee,
Would the world of the present or past be your choice
At the sound of that little 'take me'?
Oh, come now! Be honest! What would you do?
You'd 'take' Tiny Toddler and hug him to you.

Suppose you had been in the city all day,
In the trouble and turmoil of trade,
Till your brain was so weary you felt the dismay
Of an overtaxed surface-car jade;
Suppose you were smoking and taking your ease,
And in should come little Boy Blue
To 'play horsey' with papa, and 'wouldn't he please
To kick up' and such antics go through?
Oh, come now! Be honest! What would you do?
You'd prance and 'play horsey' with little Boy
Blue!

Blue and Gold.

Suppose you were thinking of serious things,
Of questions mortality asks,
Till life, with the problems perplexing it brings,
Seemed a round of impossible tasks;
Suppose while thus puzzled, a frown on your brow
And your face looking solemn and grim,
Little laddie insists you shall be a 'bow-wow'
Or sing 'Hey, diddle, diddle!' to him!
*Oh, come now! Be honest! What would you do?
You'd 'bark' or recite Mother Goose, would n't you?*

Blue and Gold.

MY RIVAL.

HER heart was all mine until *he* came along,
My rival, the hero of this little song.
With so much against him I marvel that he
For even a moment can dispossess me.
He is not so tall by some inches (*my* height
For a number of years has been her delight),
Has never the sign of a beard on his chin
And the hair on his head is decidedly thin;
Yet, the very first time she saw him, she said,
'The darling, I love him!' and tears for joy shed.

His eyes they are blue, and blue eyes in a man
She detests as only a good woman can;
Regarding his teeth, about them the less said
The better—he has not a tooth in his head!
He not only chews gum but chews gums, which is
worse,—

A sin she abhors as a positive curse.
My rival? I smiled—a ridiculous thought!
And into her presence the strange prince brought,
And the very first moment she saw him she said,
'The darling, I love him!' and tears for joy shed.

Blue and Gold.

My rival! Believe me, I love him full well
Or defects in his make-up I never would tell.
The place he has taken I want him to keep,
Close, close to her heart!—Hear her sing him to
sleep!

And yet, notwithstanding, I want you to know
He's a rival unrivaled. Go search high and low
(Don't look in your cradle for any such joy)
And find if you can such a sweet baby boy.
No wonder the moment she saw him she said,
'The darling, I love him!' and tears for joy shed.

DORCHESTER AND DOROTHY.

DORCHESTER, Dorothy, lad and lass,
Brother and sister, it came to pass,
Never each other knew;
Lassie is five years, while laddie'd be seven —
One upon earth and the other in heaven,—
So these children grew.

Dorothy, Dorchester (sweetest of names)
Never together played pretty games,—
Dorothy plays them alone.
She does not miss him ; she couldn't, you know.
But mother, who watches her, misses him so —
Longs for her little 'my own!'

Dorchester, Dorothy! Many the night
Both in her arms have been folded tight,
Sung to and put into bed.
Only the one! She knows there are two —
Mother-love truly such wonders can do! —
Dorchester seemeth not dead.

Blue and Gold.

Dorothy, Dorchester, always, I know,
Side by side in her heart do grow,
 Giving her heart a joy ;
But first to awaken a love divine,
First to make sorrow a friend benign,
 First in her heart is her boy.

Blue and Gold.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

CHRISTMAS is coming! Oh, my! Oh, my!
Look out, little man, don't cry! Don't cry!
For Santa Claus loveth a brave little boy,
And surely remembers all such with a toy
Or a game or a book
Or a long candy crook —
Never mind if your tumble did hurt, don't cry!

Christmas is coming, and my little lad
Will forget every troublesome bump he has had!
It bringeth a balm for each bruise, and the smart
Of the saddest of griefs for the time will depart.
The joy of the bells
In each bosom swells,
For the goodness of giving makes every heart glad.

Yes, Christmas is coming! That wonderful day
The children delight in is not far away.

Blue and Gold.

Then candies and cookies and wagons and sleds,
And jumping-jacks, whistles, and dolls' little beds
Are scattered abroad,
And the children applaud
Each treasure from Santa Claus' wonderful sleigh.

MOTHER GOOSE.

THERE'S a book we all know and can quote by
the page,

No other book stands in its place ;
In childhood, in manhood, in youth, and in age,
Its jingling wisdom we trace.

'Tis a book that we love (you'll do well to confess)
No matter what others we use,
And its title is—what? Now could n't you guess?
Of course! It is old Mother Goose.

The first time you read it you skipped all the words,
The pictures alone took your eye ;
Those wonderful pictures of beasts and of birds,
Of creatures that crawl, walk, or fly ;
You cared not a bit for the wisdom and wit,
Nor detected the rhyming was loose —
On the floor by the hour you would silently sit
Enchanted by dear Mother Goose.

There was Old King Cole, the merry old soul,
And Miss Muffet with curds and whey ;

Blue and Gold.

The men who went sailing the sea in a bowl,
And the lady-bug idling away;
There was Little Boy Blue, and Jack Horner too,
And Miss Flinders who suffered abuse;
And the birds in the pie, and Cry, Baby, Cry —
They're still living in good Mother Goose.

Mother Goose does not rank very high in the list
Of best books — oh, give her a prop!
Come help me to maintain her claims — to insist
That she's given a place near the top.
There may be some better (how many are worse!)
Her maligners will cry for a truce
If we take up her standard and stoutly rehearse
The glories of good Mother Goose.

GRANDMOTHER'S SWEETHEART.

GRANDMOTHER'S sweetheart, here is a line
She sendeth thee for a valentine.
Loving thee more than her heart can tell
(I wonder if you love her so well?)
With every letter she sends a kiss.
Her eyes grow dim while she's writing this,
For, Sweetheart Fanny, you must know
It maketh the heart ache loving so.

Grandmother's sweetheart liveth afar
Down by the bay where the big ships are,
And never a ship does grandmother see
But beareth her message of love to thee.
The whole great wonderful fleet of ships
That lie at rest in their quiet slips,
With their caverns and caves of space all told
The love that she bears thee could not hold.

So, Sweetheart Fanny, a little while
Grandmother's love on thee will smile ;

Blue and Gold.

Then, drifting out on an unknown sea,
In the great beyond she will wait for thee.
And others will come and praise your eyes,
And tell their love with a million sighs ;
But never a one of them all will know
A deeper love than her heart can show.

RHYME OF THE COVERLET.

ROCKABY, rockaby,
 Winter 's in town —
Cover the baby up warm.
 Under a drift of white wool soft as down
What will he know of the storm?

Rockaby, rockaby,
 Springtime is near.
When baby goeth to sleep
 Under this blossomy coverlet, dear,
Let not a chill wind creep.

Rockaby, rockaby,
 Summer unbars —
Cover the baby aright.
 Under a canopy sprinkled with stars
What will he know of the night?

Rockaby, rockaby,
 Autumn is bold —
Cover him up like a king:
 Robes of purple and cloth of gold;
Tribute and service bring.

Blue and Gold.

TICK-TOCK LULLABY.

THERE'S a little tired shoe and a little mussed
frock,

 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
And there on the floor lies a little limp sock,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock ;
They're glad, I am sure, after going all day,
To rest from the labor and pleasure of play,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

How quietly sleep comes — count the clock !

 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
Comes in at the door with never a knock,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
With no one to greet him, welcomest guest !
He enters and giveth his dear ones rest,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

Perhaps he is near us while we rock,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
And soon will disclose his wonderful stock,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
In exchange for thy store of weariness,
His bag of dreams he will leave, I guess,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

Blue and Gold.

NAUTICAL NED.

I SING of a toddling mariner chap,
With wide flowing trousers and sailor's cap;
His little warm jacket, with buttons and braid,
Bespeaks the bold rover to run a blockade.
No longer miscall him — when all has been said,
His name is not Edward, but Nautical Ned;
A wee little, free little fellow is he,
And yet he's a regular man of the sea.

I question if ever he walked a ship's deck,
Or felt the salt spray on his cheek or his neck;
And surely those blue eyes never have scanned
The far-off horizon for long-looked-for land.
What odds if never the sea he has crossed,
In a tub of a boat been rudely tossed?
He tosses the sea in a tub of his own,
While the waves dash high and the women make
moan!

The most wonderful cruiser ever afloat
Is the world — she is truly a marvellous boat!

Blue and Gold.

**And sailing out on the sea of Time,
So tempest-tossed, to another clime,
It is sweet to think that such sailors are
As Nautical Ned, the jolly young tar!
With the great, good Captain, and such as these,
Who cares for the wind-swept stormy seas?**

Blue and Gold.

LITTLE ELIZABETH.

[LITTLE Elizabeth, how shall I say
The joy you put in my heart one day
When I was in Gotham, a thousand miles
From home and the light of my dear one's smiles?
Your cherub face with the winsome eyes
At first was full of a shy surprise,
But soon you gave me your heart, and then
I was here at home with Boy Blue again.

Little Elizabeth, do you know
(You surely will when you older grow)
How lonely it is when one is away
A month, a week, or a single day,
From those who love us and whom we love?
And how we welcome, all else above,
A face, a hand-touch, a tone of voice
That takes us home where our hearts rejoice?

Little Elizabeth, motherless child,
I wonder if she is reconciled?

Blue and Gold.

I wonder if mothers, when they die,
Look down on their loved ones from on high?
Perhaps, in walking the streets of gold,
A little child she may behold
And fold it close to her heart, and then
Be at home on earth with her babe again.

Blue and Gold.

ALONE WITH THE BABY.

ALONE with the baby one whole day,
So mama may go to the Fair.
Papa and Rowland! What did you say?
Afraid we'll be lonesome? Don't care!
All day together. My, what fun!
The day will be done
Before it's begun,
For Rowland and I are a pair!

I've a 'list' in my pocket of what I'm to do,
And I notice some moments to spare.
I like to take care of the baby, don't you?
I'd rather than go to the Fair.
I tell you the baby and I *will* have fun!
The day will be done
Before it's begun,
For Rowland and I are a pair!

When ten o'clock comes I'm to give him a drink
From 'the glass on the bureau' right there,
At eleven the broth, oh, help me to think!
And a 'gem'—so my orders declare.

Blue and Gold.

When he's hungry I'll feed him! What *glorious* fun!

The day will be done

Before it's begun,

For Rowland and I are a pair!

At twelve we go riding — he'll be 'in the push,'

Which I'll push with the greatest of care;

At one I'm to sing to him 'Hush-a-By, Hush!'

Until dream visions float in the air.

When he's sleepy I'll sing him to sleep! *More* fun?

The day will be done

Before it's begun,

For Rowland and I are a pair!

At two — but, good gracious! you need not expect

More details of this little affair;

The youngster's awake, if I'm not incorrect,

To begin the good time we're to share.

I hope *his* ideas are like mine — about fun!

Before it's begun

I wish the day done

Although we're so much of a pair!

Blue and Gold.

SWINGING SONG.

A HAMMOCK gently swinging,
A mother bends above ;
She to her babe is singing
With heart all full of love.
The little maiden swaying
Beneath the greenwood tree
Has set her heart to saying,
' Love me as I love thee.'
So swaying, swinging slowly,
Her loved one to and fro,
Her heart with rapture holy
Out to her babe doth go ;
And while her thoughts are straying
Among the days to be,
Her heart is ever saying,
' Love me as I love thee.'

Another hammock swinging,
A lover bends above,
He to his sweetheart singing
With heart all full of love ;

Blue and Gold.

The lovely maiden swaying
Beneath the greenwood tree
Has set his heart to saying,
‘Love me as I love thee.’
So swaying, swinging slowly
His loved one to and fro,
His heart with rapture holy
Out to his love doth go ;
And while his thoughts are straying
Among the days to be,
His heart is ever saying,
‘Love me as I love thee.’

STUMBLE TOE.

*LOOK out, little boy! Wherever you go
Remember the story of Stumble Toe.*

There once was a dear little child (*ah, me!*)
And he had ten toes that were straight as could be,
And every one was pink and white
Where mother had kissed it morning and night;
And each little toe had a name (*oh, woe!*)
And one had the name of Stumble Toe.

Now one little toe was called Hippity Hop,
And he'd run till the others would beg him to stop;
Another toe answered to Creepity Creep,
And he never was still except when asleep;
And so on was christened each one in the row
Till you came to the awkward Stumble Toe.

Oh, *he* was as stubborn as stubborn could be!
And he sulked till a trial and cross was he.
A whipping at morning, a spanking at night,
Were never enough to keep Stumble Toe right;
Till at last came disaster and tearful woe
To crown the behavior of Stumble Toe.

Blue and Gold.

The best of good children (*oh, but it's sad!*
Are sometimes quite naughty, although not *real* bad;
Their feet get so heavy they drag on the floor
(And when they act that way they need one spank
more —

'Tis when they are naughty, *some times*, do n't you
know)

And they're taken advantage of by Stumble Toe.

Just how it was done I could never recall;
I distinctly remember a terrible fall,
And a bump on the forehead, a bruise on the arm,
And my heart standing still in fearful alarm.
So look out, my darling; wherever you go
Remember the story of Stumble Toe.

*THE WIND'S SONG—IN THE
'TREE-TOP.'**

*HERE in the Tree-Top rest awhile,
And hark to the wind that brings,
From over the bay, far, far away,
The song it so sweetly sings.*

TO A BABE.

I dipped my wing in the green-gray sea,
The drops I scatter are pearls to thee;
And each white pearl is dream on dream,
For each is a drop of the slumber stream.

And over and over I've kissed the clover,
And kissed the dew; a world-wide rover,
From mountain and valley all sweets I bring
To bless thy dreams while slumbering.

Then sleep in the Tree-Top, baby mine;
Close those big brown eyes of thine.
The clover bloom and the dream-pearl's spell
I sing, my love, and all is well.

* A summer cottage overlooking Little Traverse Bay.

Blue and Gold.

*The wind in the Tree-Top ever sings,
And this is another song;
A stronger stave from over the wave
For the boy with the curls so long.*

TO A CHILD.

**Hurrah for the lad
In breeches clad,
And a blouse like a sailor-man!
The boy for me
Is such as he,—
I will give him a coat of tan!**

**How the ribbons flap
On his sailor's cap
As if they would blow away!
His curly head
Looks well in bed,
I will give him a nap each day.**

**He's never afraid
Of man or maid,—
In that he is just like me.
The water moans
When he throws in stones,—
We are one when he smites the sea.**

Blue and Gold.

So hurrah for the lad
In breeches clad,
And a blouse like a sailor true!
He's brave, he's free,
He resembles me —
I love him enough for two.

*A rollicking song was that just heard,
Here's one in a different key;
Of beautiful days now wrapped in haze —
A song of the days to be.*

TO A YOUTH.

I fill the sails of wonderful boats,
I hurry them on, I hurry them on;
And many a beautiful banner floats
As I go wandering hither and yon;
The birds of paradise pour their throats,
And fill the air with ravishing notes,
Till all of the present is gone.

The gilded clouds away in the west
I bear along, I bear along;
The silver moon I rock to rest
And send the moonlight with my song;

Blue and Gold.

And all of the heart's desires the best
I waft to thee in the Tree-Top nest
For all to youth belong.

O youth, sweet youth, with wondering eyes,
I bid you see, I bid you see;
For all of the future is your prize,
And all good things may come to thee;
The sunset cloud, the boat that flies,
The songs of the birds of paradise,
All, all are yours to be.

*And once again I pray give ear
To a song that shall blend in one
The future, the past, the present. At last
The song of the wind is done.*

TO A FATHER AND A MOTHER.

Here in the Tree-Top, blessed days
Shall come to thee and thine;
Hither returning, various ways
Shall into one way twine.

Summers of gladness, untold joys,
Beneath this roof you 'll find;

Blue and Gold.

**Facing the future with your boys
Nothing shall prove unkind.**

**Ever the present will be blest,
Ever the past unfold
Beauty to fill that place in the nest
That is hers of the heart of gold.**

Blue and Gold.

DREAMING AND DOING.

DREAMING is pleasant, I know, my boy,

Dreaming is pleasant, I know.

To dream of that wonderful, far-off day

When you 'll be a man and have only to say,

To this one and that one, Do *that* and do *this*,

While your wishes fulfilment never shall miss,

May fill you with pleasure; but deeper the joy

Of doing a thing yourself, my boy —

Of doing a thing yourself.

Dreaming is pleasant, I know, my girl,

Dreaming is pleasant, I know.

To dream of that far-off, wonderful day

When you 'll be a queen and hold full sway

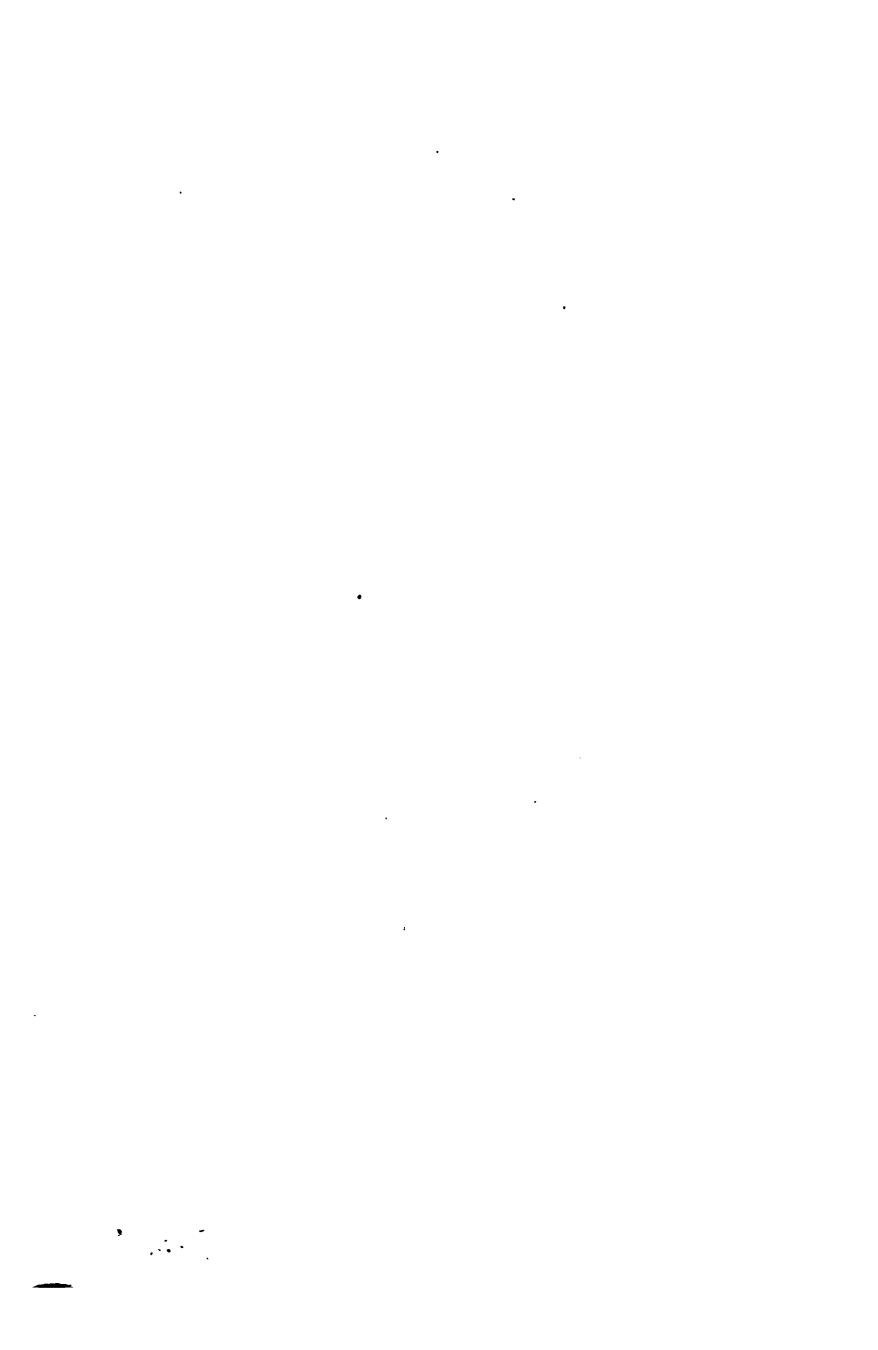
Over hearts that are loyal and kind and just,

While your sweet 'If you please' will mean 'You
must!'

May fill you with joy; but you 'll find pleasure's
pearl

In doing for others yourself, my girl —

In doing for others yourself.



SUBURBAN SILHOUETTES.

*A BALLADE OF COÖPERATIVE
COOKING.*

THE coöperative cooking craze,
Which now so many deprecate,
Perhaps in future happy days
The world at large will emulate :
Then how we will congratulate
The few who boldly took the lead
In cooking to coöperate —
The dames who made the old recede.

If time shall prove our present ways
Are direful and degenerate,
And subject to the dreadful maze
Of Bridget-wranglings intricate,
With very much to agitate
And tease our wives beyond their meed,—
Then how we will commemorate
The dames who made the old recede.

Blue and Gold.

The grocer, milkman, butcher, strays
Into our kitchens desolate,
Where neither 'flame' nor friendly blaze
Will welcome him affectionate.
We'll only hope and pray that fate
Will send the meal we sadly need,
And, if it tarries, imprecate
The dames who made the old recede.

Envoy.

On them we, smiling, turn to gaze,
And put small faith in their new creed;
Mayhap ere long we'll stop to praise
The dames who made the old recede.

THE DOCTOR'S RIDE.

THE Doctor loves a thoroughbred,
A thoroughbred has he,
And he can ride a thoroughbred
In a manner masterly.

It was a day in early spring
When the sun shone bright and fair,
And the birds were blithely carolling
And flitting here and there.

His steed stood ready at the door,
And pawed impatiently ;
A moment more and medic lore
Was banished utterly.

Down Davis street the mare and man
A gentle journey made
To the road named after Sheridan,
Then northward they essayed.

The boat-house quickly fell behind ;
The house where the Bogerts dwell ;

Blue and Gold.

'Our Neighbor's Fence' and the Doctor's sense
Then dropped behind as well.

The thoroughbred was taking 'head,'
The Doctor had to go;
Memorial Hall and the lighthouse tall
Now to the southward show.

Along the Ridge, on toward Wilmette,
As though to win a race —
They passed the bluffs, nor even yet
Could the Doctor slacken pace.

The roads were fine and the day was fair,
And the balmy breezes fanned
The flanks of the mare, and the Doctor's hair
And his good face weather-tanned.

On, on they sped, the thoroughbred
And the Doctor dreamily;
When night came down, through many a town
They'd fled full furiously.

In the Queen's domain were seen the twain,
The man and the galloping mare,
And many a day did pass away
Ere his patients knew his care.

.

Blue and Gold.

'T is strange but true, how the story grew
That the Doctor south had been,
To idly rove in an orange grove —
To me 't is all 'too thin.'

But truth will out, and what I shout
Who is there to deny?
Oh, Mann, beware when next your mare
Desires with you to fly!

THE FROG POND.

THERE are places in our village which delight
the loving eye
Of the resident or stranger who is merely passing by;
Such for instance are the campus, and the lake shore,
and the parks,
Where moonless nights in summertime show myr-
iads of 'sparks.'
But the place before all others that's entitled to the
'cake'
Is the frog pond by the railroad track where Sher-
man crosses Lake.

Would you see it in its beauty, hear its swelling
inmates croak
Till you'd think their apparatuses would every one
be broke,
Just visit it in springtime, when the rains have filled
it full
And listen to the bellowings of the boisterous Mr.
Bull—

Bluz and Gold.

The sound is something solemn, and enough to make
you quake

As it rises from the frog pond near where Sher-
man crosses Lake.

Doc Webster's gentle Jersey cow at times we've
chanced to see

Made fast by several yards of rope to a neighboring
willow tree,

And we have wished her bigger, with an awful love
for drink,

Which might result in mortals being given time to
think,—

For then she'd soon relieve us, when she sought
her thirst to slake,

Of the frog pond by the railroad track where Sher-
man crosses Lake.

THE FEM. SEM. GIRL.

THE society girl with mind in a whirl
Who thinks but of tennis and 'hops,'
The mythical miss who refuses a kiss
Because it is naughty, and stops,—
The much-afraid maid who sits in the shade
For fear she will freckle and tan,—
Are not in the race for third or fourth place,
The Fem. Sem. is the girl for a man.

No dandified dude would dare to intrude
Where his manners would surely be 'guyed';
No clodhopper clown but could fathom her frown
Which surely to him were applied;
No self-esteemed chump with an oversized bump
Of conceit, but would shrink at her plan
Of making it known to what size it had grown —
The Fem. Sem. is the girl for a man.

Yes, the charming Fem. Sem. (there are many of
them)
Is a girl whom a man may adore;

Blue and Gold.

Her knowledge of books has not spoiled her good
looks

For she's nurtured in womanly lore ;
To bask in her smile is surely worth while,
And blest are the mortals who can ;
She is good, she is fair, and again we declare —
The Fem. Sem. is the girl for a man.

Blue and Gold.

LINDY.

THARE wa 'n't no reason I could see,
Why Lindy had n't ort to be
The happiest gal 'at ever set
Afore a mirror. Why, I bet
She's got more gowns 'an she could wear,
An' change 'em daily, till the Fair
Of *nineteen* hundred ninety-three —
Leastwise so it 'peared to me.

A span o' hosses, fit to haul
The queen, is waitin' at her call,
An' 'bout a dozen kinds o' rigs —
The funniest is them two-wheeled gigs,—
An' footmen, when she sends 'em, scoot
An' do theyr best her whims to suit.
But with all this she seems to lack
The happy look she had way back.

That house o' hern! Well, I'll be blest
If it ain't jest about the best

Blue and Gold.

'At ever I set my foot in!
No use fer my tongue to begin
To spell out sech a awful stack
O' furniture an' brickybrack.
Thare's everythin' 'at you can guess
Would go fer makin' happiness.

Thare's books an' pictures till my eyes
Was tired o' lookin' with surprise.
When Lindy told me what they cost
I thought her senses must be lost!
But when she turned, her eyes all sad,
An' like she ust ter, called me 'Dad,'
An' put her hand in mine, I knew
'At what our Lindy said was true.

An' when nex' day she told me how
She felt so kind o' lonesome now,
An' took his little picture out —
The baby's 'at you know about —
An' said 'at she would ruther part
With all o' them great works o' art
'An with that little baby's face,
I knowed her heart was in its place.

Blue and Gold.

An' so I'm thinkin', tho' John's good,
An' gives her everythin' he should,
He's busy, an' maybe forgits
'At how she sometimes has them fits
O' lonesomeness, an' does n't know
'At what she cares fer is n't show,
But love, to dry that fountain up
'At every day fills sorrer's cup.

THE KISS.

THE fragrance of fair gardens stole
Through silent spaces dusky,
Detective fire-flies flashed patrol
Down many pathways musky,
When first he called Miss Katherine 'Kate'
And lost the prefix 'Mr.'—
They parted at the garden gate,
'T was *there* he kissed her.

Her eyes were jewels wondrous bright,
No diamonds could outshine them;
Her teeth were such a milky white
Were ivory judge 't would fine them!
Her mouth!—no flower so sweet doth blow—
What mortal could resist her?
Although her lips said 'No, no, no!'
'T was *there* he kissed her.

HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVE.

HOW the other half live, is a question I fear,
Dear sirs, to discuss, for to me 'tis not clear
Who the other half are. Two halves make a whole—
On that proposition would each stake his soul;
We belong to the world, and when that is divided
To which half we belong will then be decided;
But who is among us in full glare of day,
Not by gaslight at banquet, is willing to say
How the other half live?

How the other half live! There's the good and
the bad,
And the halves are uneven, although it is sad;
And the latter outnumber the first in such wise
As to discount all blessings the good can devise.
And who is now here who would wish to declare,
By naming the other, his own and our share?
'Tis a question that puts us all far out to sea,
And one that may bother us eternally —
How the other half live.

Blue and Gold.

How the other half live! Who is rich, who is poor?
If we knew who were which we might find us a cure.
Many troubles we know are withdrawn from the
latter,

At the same time we wish that our wallets were
fatter!

And so I have run through a numerous list
(Which might have been longer had nothing been
missed)

Till at last I have come to the only division
That has helped me at all in making decision

How the other half live.

How the other half live! Who the other half are,
When discovered, solution is not very far.

Why, who could they be, but the women, God bless
them!

Our own better halves! How we love and caress
them!

The only division to make of humanity
Into two parts, without losing your sanity,
Is division by sexes. Now be it resolved,
By the light of these rhymes has the problem been
solved

How the other half live.

DO N'T.

DO N'T use an inch rule to measure your life;
The horizon, the peaks in the sky,
Are always at hand — let your living be planned
To a scale which such objects supply.
Do n't wear yourself out in an ignoble strife;
There are objects worth while to achieve,
And they lie within reach of the humblest and teach
A gospel the world will receive.

Do n't gaze at a copper with look so intense
Its impress is stamped on your mind;
'T was a miser was led by a penny who said,
Look out for each cent that you find.
Take care of the dollars, you 'll have enough cents
To keep you from poverty's door;
Enjoy what you 've got without casting your lot
With spendthrifts or niggards galore.

Do n't get in a rut — take a main-travelled road
Worn smooth by the many who pass;